THE WITCH OF PRAGUE.

A Fantastic Tale.

By F. MARION CRAWFORD, Author of "MR. ISAACS," "DR. CLAU-DIUS," "A ROMAN SINGER," Etc.

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You do not trust me, I' think," she an-wered, sadly. "And yet you might—you might." Her voice died away dreamily. Trust you to watch that poor man! In-deed I do. You were not acting, just now, then you touched him so tenderly. You are it earnest. You will be kind to him.

and I think you for it."

"And you courself. Do you fear nothing from me, if you should sleep before my uses? Do you not fear that in your sucon-

The Wanderer boked at her and smiled acreditions), partly oil of scorn for the magnancy danger and partly because something told him that size had charged and ould not attempt any of her witchcraft on him.
No," he answered, "I am not afraid of

"Voir are right," she said gravely. "My the are emough aireads. The evil is sufficient. Do as you will. If you can sleep, sen sleep in peace. If you will watch,

Then defiber spoke again. Unorma bent the head as she had as she had one before. The winderer based had, resting comfortably seasons the cashina of the high carrest space have based had, its error directed towards the place have been formed towards the place had as substituted towards the place had a seril of the flowers swell but all nearly. The silvene was intense, for even the little fonetain was still. He ad watched amoon all highl, and has eithed stronged. He forgot Unorma but had all neight only of the sink man, trying to fix a strentien on the pale head as lichal little was affected in the pale head as lichal little was affected by at last, she saw that he was affected by the silvene for what she had said to sim had an hour carber, for she herself caund not untravelessed her cross them again. Then she supreme reinferences. He had not own about oxide and to spoke to him throughout the mass they had been been been been head nor look at him, and out the carpet hear her feet from Kaffar his mours they had been been proposed. By a strange destiny she sait there between the two men in whom her whole life had been wrecked.

ter if all were known. Such deeds, and centhe allongs at such deeds as she had clinification, could be paged by the laws of he had she regul be beorgin to trial, if the lives, as a common prisoner, and held in in the exception of the world in all her shame and wall. But death would be worse than that. As she thought of that after address, she grow dist, with her-ror as she had been when the idea had first attential ber later.

Then she was conscious that she was ain looking at the Wanderer as he lay example in his tall chair. The pale and hack makes in his tall chair. The pale and notice face expressed the stainless soil and the the mania character. Sie saw in it the mania character. Sie saw in it the mania character, and yet she knew that through him sie had lost her peace foreyer. It was perhaps the last time. Never-make, perhaps, after the morning had reaken, should she hold on what she lowed lead in each. She would be good a mined. erhans. And he? He would be still f. He would remember her half site half is wonder as a woman who had once been almost his friend. That would be all that would be left in him or her, beyond a memory of the repulsion be and first for her decide.

She funcied she could have met the worst in the finance ress hopelessly if he could have remembered her a little more kindly when all was over. From how, it might be a her power, to cast a sell upon the pieters of its moral. But the riere thought has northly to her, thought a few hours better cas norrane to lar, though a few hours beleve size bud hardly trembled at the doing
of a feightful sacriers. In that short time
the formulation of fullive, the realization of
ybit's build almost done, above all the
ever rising lide of a real and passionate
leve had swep away many familiar landmarks in her thoughts, and had furned
much to lead which had once seemed
to plate thou gold. She hated the very
lead distingurant hose ants which had so
closely wrought her utter destruction discretive wrought for other destruction has the leased to know that in the work wantier in would doubtless go to morrow positive many friends, thought not graffed positive many by her power, but growing the own self in his immost heart. Only a profit meaners - nothing more than that. stood there, motiouless as a statue; - autiful a- a mouraing angel

It was so little that she usked. It was so ble compared with all she had hoped, or comparison with all she had demanded,

so comparison with all she had demanded, so little in respect to what she had given. For she had recent hor soul. And in return the asked one for one small kindly thought when all should be arreg. She being down as she should and touched its cool furcional with her lips.

Sheep on, his reloved, she said in a case that more gives softly and Saity. She started a little at what she had done, and draw back, half afraid, like an innocent lift. But as thought be had obeject her works he scened to she more decity still, life must be very fired she thought to seep like that that she was thankful that he soft hiss, the first and light, had not a best him.

skeet him.

Sleep on 'she said again, in a whisper arvely audible to hersel. Torred Unurnity of the said again, in a whisper arvely audible to hersel. Torred Unurnity of cannot think of her mereifully and off. Sleep on you have the right to est, and lean never jest again. You have to given -orget, too then unless you can smember better things of me than I have to served in your memory. Let her take her storagely back it was never mine. Reminer what you will forget at least the saing I did and forgive the wrong you lever knew for you will know it surely some day. An aye -I love you so -diream not one dream and of me think I take her late. She here loved you more than I, she here can. She would not have done what I have done. Dream only that I am beatrize for this once. Then when you wake you will not think so cruelly of me. Oh, that I might be she far one day in thought and word, is deed and voice, in face and soil. Dear love you would never know it, yet I should know that you had had one loving thought for me. You would forget. I would not matter then to you, or you would have the certain to forever, to take with me always.

As though the words carried a meaning

As though the words carried a meaning As though the words carried a hearing with them to his scepting scases, a look of caprene and aimost heavenly happiness stole ever his heppines are But thorna could not see it. She had turned suddenly away, burying her face in her hands upon

ck of her own chair Are there no miracles left in heaven?" wase him, 'as there no miracle of deeds

She bowed her head slightly and was silent again. A distant clock chimed the boar. The morning was slowly drawing grar.

"And you," said Unorna, looking up at the sound. "Will you not rest! Why should you not sleep?"

I am not tired. "You do not trust me, I think," she anwered saidly. "And you go you make the anwered saidly." And you go meet any should you not sleep?"

I am not tired. "Some property and some portion of precise and not apt to overflow, was dried up and scorched with pain. And, for the time at least, worse things were gone from her, bone portion of her massionate wish had chough she suffered more. As though some portion of her passionate wish had been fulfilled, she felt that she could never do ugain what she had done, she felt that she was truthful now as he was, and that she knew evil from good even as Beatries knew it. The horror of her sins took new growth in her changed vision.

"Was I lost from the first beginning?" she asked passionately. "Was I born to be all I am, and foredestined to do all I have done." Was she born an anget, and I a devil from hell. What is that life, and what is that other beyond it."

Behind her, in his chair, the Wanderer still slopt. Still his face wore the radiant look of joy that had so suddenly come into it as she turned away. He scarcely breathed so calmly he slept. But Unorna

And sellable feared to wante bom and was almost gradular to wante bom and was almost gradular to wante bom and was almost gradular to wante monoscous. In the addition of the monoscous to the addition of the monoscous that the fearest statement of the could be there exist no both the sale and she almost be used the could say and the transition of the monoscous of the monoscous that the fearest was the fearest and the could be a feared with the could was so heaved. Since all till and watched him. It might be the hast time, she thought for who load that what would happen to morrow. She shouldered as the finight of it all. What would be alreed as the finight of it all. What would be alreed as the finight of it all. What would be alreed as the finight of the word she tell of could seen that would tell clearly the resolution to the other. For some time the could wondered, and wondered. How maken the she saw how he had clumged and wondered. The dwarening of his training of his training of his training of his training of the country to the country

and wondered.

Thow reaccifully be sleeps?" she thought.

He is dreaming of lay:

The dawn came strating on, not soft and blushing as in Southern lands, but call, resistless and grim as ancient fate; not the maiden harald of the san with rose-laped fagers and gray, begun eyes, but hard, cruel, sullen a less darkness following upon eyes and gaing before a full, sunless eyes and gaing before a full, sunless a greater and going before a dull, simless and heavy day. The door opened somewhat noisily and :

brisk step fell upon the marble payement. Unorna rose noiselessiy to her feet and fustering along the open space came face to face with Keyork Arabian. He stopped and looked up at her from beneath his heavy meass with surprise and baspicion. Sincrassed one finger to her lips.

"You have already" he asked obeying her gestare and speaking in a low voice.

'Thush, hush," she whisperved, not sarisfied. "They are askep, You will wake them."

Keyork came forward. He er

entetly enough when he chose. He glancist at the Wanderer.—He looks confortable enough. The whis-pered, half contemptaously.

Then he bent down over Israel Kafka adjusted by examined his face. To him be glustly pallor meant nothing. It was but the natural result of excessive exhaus-

Pit him into a letharge," said he, under is breath, but with authority in his man-

Unorna shook her head. Keyork's small Chorac should be read to be considered angelity.

Do it. The said. "What is this caprice? Are you mad? I want to take his temperature without walking him."

Unerna foldest her arms.

"Do you want aim to suffer more." asked
Keyork, with a diabolical smile. "If so, I
will wake him by all means. I am always at your service, you know."
Will be suffer, if he wakes naturally."

"Will be suffer, if he wakes naturally "Howilds - in the head.
Unorma kinely down and let her head rost few moments on Kafha's brow. The eathers, drawn with pain, immediately re-

You have hypnotized the one," grumbled Keyork, as he bent down again. "I cannot imagine why your should object to doing the same thing for the other." The other? Thorna repeated in sur-

Our friend there, in the armebair." it is not true. He fell asleep of him-

Keyork smiled again, incredulously this time. He had already applied his pocket thermometer and looked at his watch, thorna had risen to her feet, disdaining to defend herself against the imputation ex-pressed in his face. Some minutes passed He has no fever." said Keyork looking

if the little instrument. I will call the individual and we will take him away.

To his lodging, of course. Where else "
He turned and went towards the door
In a moment, Unorna was kneeling again by Kafka's side, her hand upon his fore-head, her lips close to his ear.

"This is the last time I will use my power

on you or any one cise," she said quickly, for the time was short. "Obey me, as you must. Do you understand me: Will you

Yes, came the faint maswer as from very far off You will wake two hours from now. You will not forget all that has happened, but you will never love me again. I forbid you ever to love me again! Do you under-

"I understand."
"You will only forget that I have told you this, though you will obey. You will see me again, and if you can forgive me of your own free will, forgive me then. That must be of your own free will. Wake in two hours of yourself. two hours of yourself, without pain or

Again she touched his forehead and then spring to her feet. Keyork was coming back with his dumb servant. At a sign, the individual lifted Kafka from the floor. taking from him the Wanderer's furs and

Keyork Agabian's attention and which had amazed Unorna herself. It was the ex-pression that had come into his face in the old cemetery where in his sleep she had spoken to him of love. "He is dreaming of her." Unorna said to

"He is dreaming of her." Unornal said to herself, again, as she turned sailly away.

But since Keyork had been with her a doubt had assalled her which painfully disturbed her thoughts, so that her brow contracted with anxiety, and from time to time she drew a quick hard breath. Keyork had taken it for granted that the Wanderer's sieen was not natural.

taken it for granted that the Wanderer's sleep was not natural.

She tried to recall what had happened shortly before dawn, but it was no wonder that her memory served her ill, and refused to bring back distinctly the words she had spoken. Her whole being was unsettled and shaken, so that she found it hard to recognize herself. The stormy hours through which she had lived since yesterday had left their trace; the lack of rest, instead of producing physicial exhaustion, had brought about an excessive mental weariness, and it was not easy for her now to find all the connecting links between her actions. Then, above all clse, there was the great revulsion that had swept over her after her last and greatest plan of evil had falled, causing in her such a change as could hardly have

down and esset, there was the great retuision that had swept over her after her last and greatest plan of evil had failed, causing in her such a change as could hardly have seemed natural or even possible to a calm person watching her inmost thoughts.

And yet such suaden changes take place daily in the world of crime and passion. In one uncalled for confession, of which it is hard to trace the smallest reasonable cause, the intricate ' ichednesses of a lifetime are revealed and repeated; in the mysterious impulse of a moment, the intricate made of the manual points of a moment, the introduce turns back and delivers himself to hasher under an influence for which there is often no accounting, the woman who has similed securely through long years lays have her guilt and throws herself, upon the mercy of the man whom she so skillfully and consistently decreased. We know the fact. The cason we cannot know. Perhaps to natures not wholly bad, sin is a poison of which the moral organization can only bear a certain fixed amount, great or small, before rejecting it affected and with loathing. We do not know. We speak of the workings of conscience, not understanding which we call electricity, we can play with it, command it, lead it neutralize it and die of it, making light and hear with it, or language and somed, kill with it and core with it, while absolutely ignorant of its nature. We are no nearest to a definition of it than the Greek who rubbed a bit of ninher and lifted with it at lay stear, and from ambor, elekton, called the something cherricity. Are we even as near as that to a definition of the human conscience.

The change that had come over Unorm, whether it was to be lasting or not, was orefound. The circumstances index which it took place are plain enough. The reasons must be left to themselves, it remains only to tell the consequences which hereon followed.

The first of these were a harron of the

only to tell the consequences which become

followed.

The first of these were a hatrod of that extraordinary power with which nature had endowed her, which brought with it a determination never again to make use of it for an evil purpose, and, if possible, never even for good. But as though her unhappy fate were forever fighting against her good impulses, that power of hers had exerted itself unconsciously, since her resolution had been formed. Keyork Arabian's words, and his evident though unspoken disheller in her denial, showed that he at least was convinced of the fact that the Wanderer was not sleeping a natural sleep. Unorna tried vined of the fact that the Wanderer was not skeeping a natural sleep. Unorm tried to recall what she had done and said, but all was vague an indistinct. Of one thing she was sure. She had not had her hand upon his forchead and she had not intentionally done may of those things which she had always believed necessary for producing the results of hypnotism. She had not through crashing waves, can turn and face

into his ear that you are Beatrice and he will believe you for the rest of his life."

"Go!" said Unorna.

Though the word was not spoken above her oreath it was flere and commanding. Keyork Arabian smiled in an evil way, shrugged his shoulders and left her.

CHARTER XXIV.

Unorna was left alone with the Wanderer. His attitude did not change, his eyes did not open, as she stood before him. Still he wore the look which had at first attracted Keyork Arabian's attention and which had amazed Unorna herself. It was the expression that had come into his face in the

thoughts.

At least, he was happy. Whatever she had done, if she had done anything, it had not hurt him. There was no possibility of misinterpreting the sleeping man's ex-

She wished that he would wake, though she knew how the smile would fade, how the features would grow cold and indiffercut, and how the gray eyes she loved would open with a look of annoyance at seeing her before him. It was like a vision of happy before him. It was like a vision of happyness in a house of sorrow, to see him lying
there, so happy in his sleep, so loving, so
peaceful. She could make it all to last, too,
if she would, and she realized that with a
sudden pang. The woman of whom he
dreamed, whom he had loved so faithfully
and sought so long was very near him. A
word from Unorna, and Bentrice could
come and find him as he lay asleep, and
herself open the dear eyes.
Was that sawfiles to be asked of her before she was taken away to the explaition of
her sins! Fate could not be so crue!—and
yet the mere idea was an added suffering.
The lenger she looked at him the more the

her sins? Fate could not be so crue;—and yet the mere idea was an added suffering. The lenger she looked at him the more the possibility grew and tertured her.

After all, it was almost certain that they would meet now, and at the meeting she felt sure that all his memory would return. Why should she do anything, why should she raise her hand to bring them to each other! It was too much to ask. Was it not enough that both were free, and both in the same city together, and that she had vowed neither to hart nor blader them! It was their destiny to be joined together, it would so happen surely in the natural course; if not, was it her part to join them? The punishment of her sins, whatever it should be, she could bear; but this thing she could not do.

She passed her hand, across her eyes as

this thing she could not do
She passed her hand across her eyes as
though to drive it away, and her thoughts
came back to the point from which they
had started. The suspense became unbearable when she realized that she did not
know in what condition the Wanderer
would wake, nor whether, if left to nature,
he would wake at all. She tenched his
sleeve, lightly at first, and then more
heavily. She moved his arm. It was passive in her hand and by where she placed
it. Yet she would not believe that she mut
made him sheep. She drew back and
looked at him. Then her analety overcame
her.

ther. Wake, "she cried aloud "For God's sake, wake," Learnor bear; !"

His eyes opened at the sound of her voice, naturally and otherly. Then they grew wide and deep and fixed thenselves in a great worder of many sessons. Then Program saw no more.

Strong arms lifted her suddenly from her feet and pressed her flerrely and carried her, and she hid her flee. A voice she knew sounded as she had never heard it sound, nor bened to hear it.

Beatried," it cried and nothing more in the presence of that strength, in the ringing of that cry. Unorma was heighess. She had no power of thought left in her, as she felt herself born along, body and soul, in the rush of a passion more masterful had her own.

than her own.

Then she was on her feet again, but his arms were round her still, and hers, whether she would or not, were clasped

whether she would or not, were clasped about his neck. Dreams, truth, faith kept or broken, hell and heaven itself were swept away, all wrecked tegether in the tide of love. And through it all his voice was in her car.

"Love, love, at last." From all the years



willed him to do anything, she thought, and the blast, no more than the long, dry grass the felt sure she had pronounced no words of the nature of a command. Step by step she tried to reconstruct for her comfort; detailed recollection of what had passed but every effort in that direction was fruit-

less. Like many men far wiser than her-self, she believed in the mechanics of hyp-notic science, in the touches, in the passes, in the fixed look, in the will to fuscinate. More than once Keyork Arabian had scoffed at what he called her superstitions, and had maintained that all the varying phenomena of hypnotism, all witcheraft of the darker ages, all the visions undoubtedly shown to wondering eyes by mediaeval sorverers. wondering eyes by mediaeval sorverers, were traceable to moral influence, and to no other cause. Unorna could not accept his reasoning. For her there was a deeper and yet a more material mystery in it, as in here own life, a mystery which she cherished as an inheritance, which impressed her with a sense of her own strange destiny and of the gulf which separated her from other women. She could not detach herself from the lifes that the supermatural played a part in all her do. como not detach herself from the lifes that the supernatural played a part in all her doings, and she clung to the use of gestures and passes and words in the exercise of her art, in which she fancied a hidden and secret meaning to exist. Certain things had especially impressed her. The not uncommon answer of hypnotics to the question concerning their identity. I am the image in your rice, is undoubtedly elicited by the fact that their extraordinary soure and perhaps, magnifying vision, receives the perhaps, magnifying vision, perceives the image of themselves in the eyes of the operator, with abnormal distinctess and not impossibly, of a size quite incompatible with the dimensions of the pure To Chorna the answer meant something more t suggested the actual presence of the person she was influencing in her own brain, and whenever she was undertaking any-thing especially difficult, she endeavoyed to obtain the reply relating to the image as

as soon as possible. In the present case she was sure that she had done none of the things which she conidered necessary to produce a definite re-sult. She was totally unconscious of hav-ng impressed upon the sleeper any sugges-ion of her will. Whatever she had said,

can turn and quench the roaring flame, no more than the drooping willow bough can dam the torrent and force it backwards up

dan the forcest and force it backwards up the steep mountain side.

In those short, false moments, Unorna knew what happiness could mean. Toru from herself, lifted high above the misery and the darkness of her real life, it was all true to her. There was no other Beatrice but herself, no other woman whom he had loved. An enchantment greater than her own was upon her and held her in bonds she could neither bend nor break.

She was sitting in her own char your and

She was sitting in her own chair now, and he was kneeling before her, holding her hand and looking up at her. For him, the world held nothing else. For him her hair was black as night, for him the unlike eyes were dark and fathemless, for him the heavy marble hand was light, responsive delicate; for him her face was the face of Beatrice, as he had last seen it long ago. The years had passed, indeed, and he had sought her through many lands, but she had come back to him the same, in the glory of her youth, in the strength of her love, in the divinity of her dark beauty, his always, through it all, his now, for ever,

For a long time he did not speak: The words rose to his lips and failed of utterance, as the first mist of early morning is drawn incavenwards to vanish in the rising sun. The long-drawn breath could have made no sound of sweeter meaning than the unspoken speech that rose in the deep gray eyes. Nature's grand organ, touched by hand divine, can yield no chord more moving than a lover's sigh.

Words came at last, as after the welcome shower in summer's heat the song of birds rings through the woods, and out across the fields, upon the clear, earth-scented airwords fresh from their long rest within his heart, unused in years of loneliness, but unforgotten and familiar still: untarnished lewels from the inmost depths, rich treasfrom the storehouse of a deathless faith, diamonds of truth, rubies of passion, pearls of devotion, studding the golden links of the chain of love.

"At last-at last-at last! Life of my life, the day has come that is not day with-out you, and now it will always be day for taking from him the Wanderer's furs and wrapping him in others which keyork had brought. The strong man walked away with his burden as though be was carrying a child. Keyork Arabian lingered a moment. What made you come back so early? he asked.

"What made you come back so early?" he asked.

"I will not tell you," she answered, drawing back.

"No. Well, I am not curious. You have an excellent opportunity now."

"An opportunity?" Unorns repeated with a cold interrogative. a cold interrogative interest the head of the cold interrogative interest. The seleep as natural or not. That a perspectation of rest is also very lead to the words to herself the day of the condition of rest is also very lead to the words to herself the day of the condition of rest is also very lace yours with the thought of you and the worship of you.

In the strong man walked away with his burden as though be was carrying in the laddensed the words to herself the head addressed the words to herself the head of her as she paced the marble floor, and yet Keyork's smoothed that black hair of yours that I love, and kissed those dark eyes of yours smoothed that black hair of yours that I love, and kissed those dark eyes of yours smoothed that black hair of yours that I love, and kissed those dark eyes of yours with the head been familiar to the nearly was an under the nearly for her of a sake, or not be fore at ali.

The falseness, the fathomless truth of it. The falseness, the fathomless truth of it. The falseness, the fathomless truth of it. The day had the mark then day for her will, have been been always and was a lound the head them—day been would have been very different. She head known him and might reasonably be supposed to know by inspection whether the sleep were natural or not. That a perspective process of the paced of the market of the day

where you were not, the endlessness of this little world that hid you somewhere the littleness of the whole universe withou

the littleness of the whole universe without you how can you ever know what it has been to me. And so it is gone at last gone as affecting of beach, gone as the blackness of storm-clouds in the sweep of the clear west wind, gone as the shadow of evil before the face of an angel of light. And I know it all I see it all it your eyes. You knew it was true, and you have waited and from at last and you have waited and there has been no other, not the thought of another, not the resemble. the thought of another, not the passing image of another between us. For I know there has not been that, and I should have known it anywhere in all these years, the chill of is would have found me, the sharp-ness of it would have been in my heart-no matter where, no matter how fur-yet say it, say it once say that you have loved

For me, there is not an ocean nor a seaa river, nor rock, nor island, nor broa-continent of earth, that has not know Beatrice and loved her name. Heart of m

God knows how I have loved you-how

I love you now?" Unorna said, in a low, the light that had been in his face grew brighter still as she spelle, while she looked at him, wondering, her head thrown back against the high chair, her eveilds wet and drooping, her lips still parted, her hand in his Small wonder if he hard, her hand in his. Small wonder if he had foved her for herself, she was so beautiful. Small wonder it would have been if she had taken Beatriee's place in his heart during those weeks of close and daily conversely that it is a small converse but that first great love had left no female regulat a which to show that But that are great love had left no termine ground in which to plant another seed, no warmth of kindness under which the tender shoot might grow to strength, no room be neath its heaven for other branches than its

own. Alone it had stood in majesty as a lordly tree, straight, tall and ever green, on lordly tree, straight, tall and ever green, on a silent mountain top. Alone it had borne the burden of grief's heavy snows unbent, for all its leneliness, it had stood against the raging tempest, and, green still, in all its giant strength of stem and branch, in in all its kingly robe of unwithered foliage, unscathed, unshaken, it yet stood. Neither storm nor lightning, wind nor rain, sun nor snow, had prevailed against it to dry it up, and cast it down that another might grow in its place.

in its place.
Yet this love was not for her to whem he Yet this love was not for her to whom he spoke, and she knew it as she answered him, though she auswered truly, from the fullness of her heart. She had cast an enchantment over him unwittingly, and she was taken in the tolls of her own magic, even as she had sworn that she would never again put forth her powers. She shuddered as she realized it all. In a few short moments she had felt his kisses, and heard his words and had been classed to his her et. noments she had feit his kisses, and heard his words and had been clasped to his heart, as she had many a time madly hoped. But in those moments, too, she had known the truth of her weman's instinct, when it had told her that love must be for herself and for her own sake, or not be love at all. The falseness, the fathomless truth of it, would have been bad enough alone. But the truth that was so strong made it horrible.

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THE GAZETTE.

bear. Her face grew wanter and her hands were cold. She dreaded each moment lest he should call her Beatrice again, and say that her fair hair was black and that he loved those deep, dark eyes of hers. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

